

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes
blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;—

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's
pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow
shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and, when the clouds
are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding; let me be!

I must be glad and grateful to the end.

I grudge you not your cold and darkness;—
me

The powers of light befriend.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

REST IN THE LORD WHILE WORKING.

The true philosophy of life is to work for
the Lord and to rest in the Lord. That is,
alike in our working and our resting, not only
to look at the nearer, visible motives and sur-
roundings, but also to keep in our hearts the
sense of the divine, eternal realities,—the
divine background of all these nearer things.
I suppose it is about the hardest kind of work-
ing, but it is also the sweetest and most rest-
ful kind of resting.

Does it seem strange to you that I should
speak of working for the Lord as the hardest
kind of working? Would some of you re-
mind me how the poets have sung of the
“luxury of doing good,” until the phrase has
become almost proverbial? Yes, that is the
poetical way of looking at it, and “doing
good” may come in time to be one of the very
sweetest sources of happiness. But doing
good, in the beginning of it at any rate, means
hard work and self-denial; indeed it is one of
the hardest things in life, really to accomplish.
And when I speak of “working for the Lord,”
it is not mere doing good that I am thinking
of, nor of any special benevolent or religious
activity. The nobleness of human work does
not divide itself in that way at all. The real
working for the Lord is the doing whatever
stroke of work is ours from day to day,—not
just well enough to earn our wage or profit
and satisfy the personal need; but with the
larger feeling about it,—the sense of its being
our part in the great world-service, the feel-
ing of doing it in the sight of the Infinite God
and as to Him.

Well, that does not exactly make work
easier! It is an element of greater strictness.
If it is only the merest handwork a man is
doing, he will have to do it a little more thor-
oughly if this thought of doing it to the Lord
flashes into his mind. Take in this thought
for your life as a whole, and it makes life an
altogether graver and more weighty thing.

There is a higher mark of righteousness to be striven for; there are many unselfish cares for your fellow-creatures to be taken up, and larger and wider duties to occupy time that ordinarily would be given to comfort and enjoyment. Yes, it is a harder way of working.

But there is something on the other side that far outweighs all this; for if the thought of working for God in one way makes life harder and busier, yet, also, it gives it a new strength and spring, and an infinitely sweeter rest,—this rest in the Lord.

It is of resting in the Lord that I want to speak. We all feel something of what it means. The words have in them a sort of peaceful music,—

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

"*Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him.*"

"Such words have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

But they may be much more to us than a pleasant sound of peace; they may be a deep principle of calm, strong, trustful life.

Notice the fulness of meaning in the word. Rest, by itself, is one simple thing,—cessation from labor. But in "*resting in the Lord*" there are two things: there is rest from labor, and there is also rest *in* labor,—rest while still working. Perhaps it seems at first sight a mere contradiction in terms to speak of resting while working, and yet it is quite possible, when we come to this higher sense of resting in the Lord; and I do not know whether this higher kind of resting, even in our work, is not what this busy world most needs; so it is of that I shall speak first.

See:—what is the hardest element in the toils and labors of life? Is it the mere exertion we have to make and keep on making, in the doing of them? No, indeed. It is the fret and worry with which we do them,—the fretfulness we feel because the conditions under which we work are not as we would have them, and the anxiety we feel as to what the result is going to be. Now here it is that rest is possible even during work. A man may "*rest in the Lord*" even while he is busily occupied, while he is still going right on with what he has on hand,—not resting his hands, perhaps not even resting his brain, but resting his heart, resting his soul.

I suppose we all know what it is to be working on under adverse circumstances. You have not the work you would like to be doing.

Perhaps you would like some definite career and you have to potter along at the little cares of home. Or the thing you are doing will not work right. The weaver's thread keeps breaking; the machinist's machine keeps clogging and stopping. Or, your household will not work smoothly, and things generally keep getting into a tangle. So, in the larger business of life—you cannot make things "go." Those about you keep making provoking mistakes. Your undertakings keep going wrong in ways that are no fault of yours, but of which you have to bear the blame and loss. All this is very hard. I do not want to underrate its hardness. I see people sometimes who have to work on in this way for years, things constantly thwarting them, one difficulty or trouble turning up after another. Now, what is to come of all this? I will tell you what does come of it:—it is this kind of thing that frets men into ill-temper, sours them into bitterness of spirit, and, when too long continued, often wears them down into premature old age. It is not work that kills men; it is not work that makes people worn and weary and haggard, and takes the spring and brightness out of life:—it is fret and worry. And it is regard to this that the old word comes in so helpfully,—"*Rest in the Lord.*" It comes in (at least, it will if we let it) to remind us that these things about which we trouble and chafe are the Lord's things, parts of the world as the Lord has caused it to be, and therefore not to be grumbled at but to be accepted and made the best of.

"It takes everybody to make a world,"—wise people and foolish; strong, capable folks and incapable weaklings; pleasant people and disagreeable ones. So it takes all sorts and qualities of *things*,—some things that work easily and some that do not work so easily, and some that you can hardly get to work at all. Well, choose your place and work, and your materials (human or otherwise) as wisely as you can; or, if you cannot choose, take what comes and then make the best of it. I know it is easier for some to do this than for others. Temperament counts for something. There are some to whom it is very hard. But the harder it is, the more need to look at the matter thoughtfully and see what may be done. Thought and faith and effort and prayer can do much. And the great thought to help is just this:—that *this is the Lord's world and not ours*. Fall back on that fact. Rest in it; rest in it as resting in the Lord. Accept the world—I do not say as what is to be; we have the power of altering and improving things, and we are meant to use our power. No, I do not say accept the world

as what is to be, but accept it loyally as what is,—as your starting-point, your material.

If you can do that, it is an infinite relief. It is a great thought to rest in. Because, mark, this is not the mere stolid taking it as something that cannot be helped; it is not resting in a stern, meaningless necessity; it is not resting in fatalism;—it is resting in the Lord. It is not the mere stoical thought,—“What must be, must.” It is the Christian thought,—“Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” We want that thought, not only for life’s greater crosses and sufferings,—where, on the whole, men are not lacking in it,—but also in the small worries and difficulties and disagreeables of our common days. We want to feel that these little circumstances and conditions also are in the same wise care, part of the care which has brought on the world from the swirling fire-mists to the beautiful world of to-day. It is no impossible feeling! There are those—as Keble says—

“Who carry music in their heart

Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,

Plying their daily task with busier feet

Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

And there is no strain more helpful to the “busier feet” than this of resting in the Lord. For it is no music of the folded hands, but of the resting heart,—feeling another, larger Will than ours in the whole conditions under which we have to work, and in that larger Will resting, even while working.

And, in the same way, rest in the Lord with regard to the result of what you do. Not only the conditions under which you work but what is to be the final outcome of your work,—this also is, in the reality of things, God’s concern and not yours. Your care is simply to do your best. This is true from the last things to the greatest. It is true for the farmer sowing his seed; it is true for the business man carrying out his far-reaching enterprises; it is true for the statesman toiling for the welfare of a nation; it is true for the philanthropist laboring for the improvement of the world, and for the prophet spending himself for the coming of the Kingdom of God. Whatever you have in hand, try to see what is the right thing to aim for, accept the conditions as you find them, look forward as far as you can see, do your part faithfully, and then, for the issue, rest in the Lord.

Mark you, I do not mean any weak shifting of our responsibilities onto God. It is a very stern proviso,—that we do our best!

There is a little incident told of Mohammed, which always seems to me to go right at the

heart of the matter. One evening when his army was halting for the night and camping, he heard one of his Arabs say, “I will loose my camel and commit it to God.” “Friend,” said the Prophet, “rather tie thy camel and then commit it to God.” A shallow mind would be apt to say that if you tie your camel it is mere self-delusion to talk of having committed it to God. Yet, is it so? Does not half the fret and worry and unrest of mankind come of men not committing their camels to God even when they have tied them? Men do their best, do their own part, “tie their camel,” so to speak. Then they ought to be able to leave it. Then they ought to be able to sleep. They ought to feel that whatever comes they must quietly accept as God’s will. But they do not leave it. They are still anxious and worried. They lie awake wondering whether, after all, their camels are safe, and troubling themselves over all the possibilities of what may happen to them. Thus they not only bear the burden of what they can do and provide for,—which is theirs,—but also the burden of what they cannot do, cannot know, cannot provide for.

So here comes a great practical lesson in a very homespun parable. Tie your camel! That is to say, do your little part well. Sow your seed, and take care that it is good seed, well sown. Lay your business schemes, and be sure they are righteous, prudent schemes, within the bounds of what you have a right to undertake; do your helpful work, speak your helpful word, earnestly, busily, kindly, . . . then rest in the Lord! Rest in Him not as a mere passive feeling, but as an active faith; not as a mere putting off your own anxiety, but as a happy recognition of the great, wise, living Will that is working back of all things. And then your life shall be freed, not from its toils, not from its watchfulness, but from its heaviest burden of care and its sorest strain of anxiety.

Let me say a word about this especially in its application to life’s very highest labors and endeavors,—those for others, those to help the world’s life, to heal some trouble or to right some wrong. If there is any work in which it should be easy to feel that one is working for the Lord, and therefore should rest in the Lord, it is in this. And yet really it is often those who are busy in these higher ways who find it hardest. They are apt to feel as if the very nobleness of their object makes it excusable to be anxious and worried over it. So they are distressed because they cannot see things working visibly round to what they ought to be. They are troubled and disheartened, feel as if the world was

getting out of gear, past setting right. Ah, well,—when one thinks how much of the worry of the world is for mere personal objects, one cannot feel very hard on those who are too anxious about these larger and unselfish things. And yet it is a mistake. “It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God”;—yes even for so good a thing as that!

The word of “quietly waiting” comes in here especially, because, of all work that men do, that which one might expect to take longest in coming to any sure result, is that *in man*,—this heart-and-soul work, character-building, the effort to really change and mend the world. The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. We cry, “Lo, here!” or “Lo, there!” mostly in vain. The very signs in which we rejoice as signs of its coming often change and pass away. The old evils keep cropping up once more, and we have to turn to the work again with weary hearts. Oh, ye who labor so for bodies or for souls, or for any good of man, “rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him!” It is what the holiest have had to do. It is seldom given, even to them, to see the harvest of their sowing. The Master of us all met with disappointment on every hand. The people whom He so longed to save would not be saved in His way,—the only way that had any real salvation in it. The disciples into whom He tried to infuse His own thought and spirit were disputing which should be the greatest, the very night before His crucifixion. Of all that Year-of-the-Lord there was not, at the end, enough visible result to have made even the meagrest kind of an Annual Report. But, all through, He had rested in the Lord, and gone about doing good; and even when His whole lifework seemed most a failure, He still rested in the Lord.

So the image of Christ that abides in the world’s heart forevermore is of One whose life was filled with busy words and works, going about doing good, now here, now there, beset from morn to night by eager followers, hardly a moment to Himself, except in the still night hours while others slept; and yet One filled with peace.

And the lesson is for all of us,—the lesson of resting in the Lord even while busily working on; the brain thinking out, the hand working out, doing the most and best we can in all the useful business of the world, or the great tasks of helpfulness and love,—but, at the centre of our busy living, the heart resting on the great Providence of life, owning how little we ourselves can do; owning it not in fretful helplessness but in happy trust; and so, doing that little promptly, faithfully, and

gladly, sure that it must tell somehow and somewhere; and, for the final outcome, resting in the large, slow, silent working of the Infinite Life.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;—
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some Love is found!

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth’s bliss may be our guide,
But not our chain!

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true
Yet all with wings,—
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus’ breast!

—*Adelaide Procter.*

A PRAYER FOR UNITY.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace,—take away from us all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else

may hinder us from union and concord, that, as there is but one body and one spirit and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity; and may with one mind and mouth glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

These to Thee, our God, we owe,—
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yes, to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

—A. L. Barbauld.

I found it difficult the other night to cross a muddy street because of the deep shadow cast by my own body, which stood between the light and the walk over which I was crossing. Not a little of the time, I fear, do we stand in our own spiritual light, making our own pathway black with ugly shadows cast by our own personality, while the light flashes all around us. If you would avoid the shadows, walk toward the light in the heavens, and let its beams fall in your face.—*George L. Perin.*

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost.
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet Will.

—F. W. Faber.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

NOTICE.

Please take notice that all letters for the Book Club *must be written in ink, and on one side, only, of the paper.*

OFFERS.

The Waltham Branch offers the following numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. Address Miss May Keith, rear 700 Main Street, Waltham, Mass. Complete years of 1914-16; ten months of 1915 and 1916; eight months of 1917; complete year of *Review of Reviews*, 1917.

Mrs. W. L. Bouvé, Cottage Street, Hingham, Mass., offers the following: "Short Stories from English History," Blaisdell; "English History," Montgomery; "War of Independence," Fiske; "Stories of Colonial Children," "History of the United States," Gordey; "Cyr Readers," I, II, III; "American Stories for American Children," I, II, III; "Great Americans for Little Americans"; "Primer" (Aldine); "Readers," II, III, IV., Edson & Laing; "Composition and Literature," Scott & Denny; "Practical Exercises in English," Buehler; "Practical Lessons in Use of English," Hyde; "Heroic Ballads," Montgomery; "Third Reader" (Harper); "Life of Macaulay," Trevelyan; "First Book in Geography," Frye; "Geographical Reader," Carpenter; "Geography" (Butler); "Old Greek Stories and Poems," Scribner; "Essay on Lord Clive," Macaulay; "Essay on Warren Hastings," Macaulay; "Tanglewood Tales," Hawthorne; "Jones Readers," II, III; "Hamlet—Longman's English Classics"; "America's Story for American Children," IV., "Stepping Stones to Literature," I, II, III, IV.; "Early Cave Men," Dopp; "Gods and Heroes," Francillon; "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe; Arithmetics (Wentworth, Harper, Franklin); "Algebra" (Wentworth, Walton & Holmes); "Geometry" (Wentworth & Hill).

LATIN.

"Julius Cæsar"; "First Year Latin"; "New Latin Grammar"; "Cicero"; "Virgil."

FRENCH.

"La Poudre aux Yeux," Wells; "Le Tour de la France," Bruno-Syms; "Trois Contes Choisis," Daudet; "Theme Book," Hitchcock; "French Reader," Aldrich & Foster; "Easy French," Snow & Lebon; "Three Years with the Poets," Hazard; "National Reader," Ward.

REQUESTS.

1. It has been a year since I heard from any Cheerful Letter friends. I should be glad of reading of any kind for myself and seven children. I am on the sick list and any reading will be lots of cheer. I will gladly pass it on. Should like to receive letters, and to get the *Cheerful Letter*, as it has been a long time since I had one. I do like to read it. Mrs. Jap Morton, 414 Third Street, Albemarle, North Carolina.

2. Miss Nora Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina, thanks all who sent her books and magazines last spring. Owing to the serious illness of her father she could not write to all who remembered her. She has wanted to read "Over Paradise Ridge," "Hempfield," "The Dual Alliance," and "Michael O'Halloran" for some time, and will be grateful if some one will send them to her. Also any good magazines, especially *Needlecraft* or *The Modern Priscilla*, *The Normal Instructor*, *The Ladies' World*, *McClure's*, or *Saturday Evening Post*. She always passes her reading matter on to some other book-lover.

3. Miss Ann Crutchfield, Swepsonville, North Carolina, will be grateful for "Tales from Shakespeare."

4. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Swepsonville, North Carolina, would like "The Cricket on the Hearth."

5. A friend has sent me *The Cheerful Letter* for some time, and it has given me so much pleasure. May I come again asking for a Bible with large print, old or new? Any kind of pieces for patchwork quilts would be much appreciated. I live in a mountain country, in a thinly settled neighborhood. I am so far from any railroad station I can't even hear a train blow. Mrs. Mary Jane Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, R.D. 1, Box 22.

6. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, Ohio, Route 5, a helpless, bed-ridden invalid and great sufferer, would be pleased to be remem-

bered at Christmas time with cards, letters, books, or any little remembrance which will help her to pass her time.

7. Mrs. Sallie Threadgill and Leroy, aged eight years, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 234, will be glad of reading.

8. I am a very poor woman with four children. I should like some good books for myself and husband, picture-books for the children, and cards, also. I should like to correspond with some one, so will some friend please write to me? I live in a lonely place. Mrs. Nellie Kennedy, Dayton, Tennessee, Route 4.

9. The *Ladies' Home Journal* is asked for by Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Dodson, Virginia.

10. I wish to thank each and every one who has sent me reading. I enjoyed it very much. I should appreciate any of Gene Stratton-Porter's works; also Zane Grey's books. Should be very glad of any magazines, old or new. Mrs. Oscar Gordon, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3.

11. It has been a long, long time since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*. I receive the dear little paper every month and enjoy it so much! I want to thank the dear friends who have been kind to me in the past, and I hope to be remembered by some of them in the future. I am in poor health with rheumatism. Mrs. M. J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

*12. I should be glad if some one would send me a good history of France; a text-book on natural or general science, and one on geology. At any time in the future send me a good book for my parish library. My hearty best wishes for God's blessing upon all your work! William A. Alleyne, Templeton, Wisconsin.

13. Mrs. M. E. Douglas, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, would like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Woman's Home Companion* for 1919.

14. Mrs. Anne Simpson, Farmville, Virginia, R. D. 5, will be most grateful for a stereoscope. The one sent her was broken in transit.

15. Miss Della Brown, Shamrock, Texas, will be glad to have magazines or light reading, also *The Cheerful Letter*.

16. Mrs. Lou U. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, asks for Sabbath reading.

17. I am a maiden lady and live with another maiden lady. I am sixty-two years old and am a cripple, one arm and leg being paralyzed; the lady I live with is over seventy years old and in bed the greater portion of her time; and we are at the mercy of our friends and neighbors. Now I am asking any help The Cheerful Letter friends might be pleased to send, such as good reading. May God bless you in your work! Miss Judie Foley, Dodson, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CHILDREN'S FEARS.

A particularly good book for mothers is the little volume called "Child Nature and Child Nurture," by Edward Porter St. John, of the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. He says that one of the most important of the many problems of child training is the question, how to deal wisely with the many fears of little children. Some of the instinctive fears of childhood are really blessings, being nature's way of safeguarding a child while he is too young to reason out the presence of danger. Other fears are most unfortunate for the child; he needs patient understanding and sympathetic help in order to escape from them.

"Fear," says Professor St. John, "is not under the power of the child's will. No one can choose to fear or not to fear a certain experience, any more than he can arbitrarily decide that he will love or hate a particular person and then proceed to do it. Fear, like every other *feeling*, is the product of certain conditions. When one believes himself to be in danger, fear follows of necessity; until the sense of danger is removed, the fear cannot pass. This may be accomplished in different ways,—the threatening object may disappear, one whom he trusts may come to his rescue, he may gain further knowledge that shows the danger is past; in some way the impression that he is about to receive an injury must be dispelled before the fear can be dissipated.

"Hence, simply to urge a child not to be afraid is useless; to command it is folly; to punish a child for fear is inhumanity."

Professor St. John reminds us that fears based on practical experience are likely to be valuable safeguards. He adds: "Perhaps the commonest mistake in relation to them is in

unduly shielding the child from the experiences that could give rise to these helpful fears. Some wise parents, after warning the child of the danger of playing with fire, and repeatedly advising against it, have permitted him, *while under careful observation*, to have matches, that he might, by burning his fingers, learn the lesson in nature's way." (What do readers of *The Cheerful Letter* think of that suggestion?—EDITOR.)

The author goes on to say that fears due to misunderstanding or imagination—such as dream fears, fear of darkness, the fear of ghosts and so on—should have patient, thoughtful treatment; such fears often cause suffering as acute as any real peril.

The book quoted takes a strong stand against the use of fear in securing a child's obedience to the parent, because "the most that it can accomplish is to deter the child from wrong-doing. It never gives him a positive impulse to do the right, as love, self-respect, or altruistic feeling may do. While it may secure outward obedience, it may leave the child as wrong at heart as before. When he sees a parent's stern or angry face, and hears the harsh voice, fear may master him so that he is not able to tell the truth. If an older child is controlled only by fear of the parent and knows he can deceive him, deliberate deception is common."

Several interesting questions are here raised for discussion: Would you punish a child who voluntarily confessed some wrong doing, without any apparent fear of punishment? How would you deal with a child who told lies because he was afraid of punishment for faults? What have you found the best way of curing a fear of the dark?

The Editor would be glad to receive letters on this subject.

The wounds I might have healed,—

The human sorrow and smart!

And yet it never was in my soul

To play so ill a part;

But evil is wrought by want of thought,

As well as by want of heart!

—Thomas Hood.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we should seek the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found,—in loving obedience.—George Eliot.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF
CANTERBURY.

This story in rhyme is so old that nobody can be sure of its author. Many hundreds of years ago it was a favorite tale of English people. Grandfathers knew it by heart, and taught it to their grandchildren as they sat by the fireplace on winter evenings.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
How he ruled over England with main and
and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintained little
right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, father Abbot,—I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown
I fear thou workst treason against my crown."

"My liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it
were known
I never spend nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your Grace will do me no deere
For spending of my own true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For, except thou canst answer me questions
three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body."

"And first," quoth the king, "when I'm in
this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am
worth."

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not
shrink,
But tell me here truly,—what I do think."

"Oh, these are hard questions for my shallow
wit,—
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your Grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions
three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor was there so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold;
"How now, my lord Abbot, you're welcome
home!
What news do you bring us from good King
John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
For I have but three weeks more to live;
If I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body."

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth."

"The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And from the third question I must not shrink
But tell him there truly,—what he does think."

"Now cheer up, Sir Abbot! Did you never
hear yet
That a fool he may teach to a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your
apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quar-
rel."

"Nay,—frown not, if it hath been told unto
me
I am like your lordship as ever may be;
And, if you only will lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us in fair London
town!"

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array, most gallant and
brave,
With crozier and mitre and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the king he did
say;
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For, an' if thou canst answer my questions
three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be."

"And first, when thou seest me here in this
stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than
He."

The king he laughed, and swore by Saint
Bittel,—

"I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with
the same,

Until the next morning he riseth again,
And then your Grace need not make any
doubt

But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by Saint Joan
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!

Now from the third question thou must not
shrink,

But tell me here truly,—what do I think?"

"Yea, that will I do, and make your Grace
merry;—

You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury.

But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may
see,

That am come to beg pardon for him and for
me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord Abbot this day in his
place!"

"Nay, nay, my liege,—be not in such speed;
For, alack,—I neither can write nor read."

"Four nobles a week then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me.
And tell the old Abbot, when thou goest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good
King John!"

—Old Ballad.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy
judge;

If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him
not.

God calleth preaching folly; do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen
pot.

The worst speak something good; if all
want sense,

God takes a text and preacheth patience.
—George Herbert.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me!

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WHERE OUR INVENTIONS STARTED.

"Where is Sam?" repeated Donald.

"Oh, he stayed after school to go to a lecture, Uncle Dan. Something about nature by a Dr. Stanley MacWhirter from New York. You wouldn't catch me wasting my free time on such stuff unless it was compulsory. You know Sam is interested in such baby things."

Donald's voice was very superior. "Anybody'd think he was still in kindergarten. I do wish you'd get him out of it, Uncle Dan, while you're here."

"Baby things?" queried Uncle Dan, interestedly. "Is that so? Exactly what do you mean by that, Donald?"

"Well, when we were tots in the primary they used to call it nature-study. Birds, bugs, flowers,—that sort of thing, you know. He loves 'em." Donald's voice was more scornful than ever. "It makes me tired."

"O-oh, yes, I see," answered Uncle Dan, slowly. "And you're interested in what, Donald?"

"Why, in machinery and inventions, of course," said Donald, proudly. "Those are the things for any red-blooded fellow to turn his mind to, Uncle Dan, especially these days. Think of the flying-machines! Where would the world be now if people had spent their time studying bugs and birds instead of inventing?"

Uncle Dan smiled quizzically.

"It seems to me I heard a good deal in the early days of the flying-machines about studying birds and flying-fishes and the like," he said. "However, you may be right. By the way, Donald, where do you suppose all the inventions come from?"

"Why, from people's minds, of course," answered Donald, promptly.

Uncle Dan smiled again. "Like Minerva from the brain of Jove?" he inquired comically. "Doubtless the inventors wish they did. Now my idea— Oh, here's Sam now! Let's ask him. Someway I suspect that lecture by Dr. Stanley MacWhirter may have given him an idea or so on the subject. I've heard him myself.

"Hello, Sam, what have you got to say about a little matter Donald and I are discussing? Where do you think inventions come from?"

"Why, Uncle Dan!" Sam was half-way across the room by this time, and his cheeks were flushed with a pleasant excitement. "Why, Uncle Dan! Isn't that the funniest thing for you to ask just now? That was

what his lecture was about. Don, you ought to have been there! You're so strong on machinery.

"Dr. MacWhirter says that almost every mechanical contrivance in the world was borrowed from nature—that is, its beginnings were. Some of them have been put together or improved upon afterwards, but some of them are still just in the natural shape."

"I'd like to know what," interrupted Donald, sceptically. "Just name a few, Sam, if you can."

"Oh, I can, all right," answered Sam, good-humoredly. "I wish I could remember all he said, but I can give samples, anyway. For instance, there's the beaver. We got the trowel and the self-sharpening chisel straight from him; and when the black fly bites you, as we call it, he really uses a miniature surgeon's lancet. When it comes to hinges and joints, we've got a sample of each one right in our own bodies; and we learned how to tunnel from the ship-worm and how to make dams from the beaver!"

"Well, of course, things like that,"—Donald's tone was still rather lofty,—"but when it comes to anything modern or really much of an engineering feat, I notice there's not much going back to nature for that."

"Oh, isn't there?" Sam grinned. He felt he could afford to. "Well, of course I suppose building the Eddystone Lighthouse wasn't so much of an engineering feat; but they modelled it directly after the trunk of an oak-tree, Don. That's why it's so strong. And you remember the wonderful, spreading roof of the Crystal Palace in London? They were having trouble about that when a gardener came forward and suggested that they should use the leaf of a plant, the Victoria Regia, as a model."

"Since you're so much interested in electricity, Donald, did you know that the electric eel has a model storage battery?"

He stopped with a triumphant light dancing in his eyes. Sam had suffered a good deal of ridicule at Donald's hands, first and last, about his love for nature study.

"Er—no. Was that all?" mumbled Donald.

It wasn't much of an admission, but Uncle Dan and Sam exchanged a smile of satisfaction as Sam answered: "Oh, no, there was plenty more—about the eye being a typical camera, and the nerves a telegraph system, and protective coloring camouflage, and things like that. But he's going to lecture again to-night in the High School Hall. Own up, now, Don, wouldn't you like to go with Uncle Dan and me?"

Donald nodded sheepishly. "Yes," he said slowly, "I would then, first-rate. If I've been making myself ridiculous with all my line of talk, as you and Uncle Dan seem to think, there's no time like the present for me to find it out."—*Winifred Arnold, in the Christian Register.*

POLICE THE CAMP!

"Dad, I don't see why you are so eternally insisting on order in the house," said Harold Ray. His father had asked him to take his hat off the hall stand and hang it in its proper place, and Harold was a little out of humor. "It wouldn't have done any harm to leave my hat on the hall table, would it?" he went on.

"Why, not to the house, Harold. I'm not thinking so much about the order of the house as about you. It would have done no harm, except to you, to leave your hat there when you knew that it belonged somewhere else. A slovenly character produces slovenly habits. And I have a theory that, *vice versa*, slovenly habits react on character. The whole thing is a question of discipline."

"Let me illustrate," the father continued. "When the boys in that cantonment we visited were ready to entrain for France, the last order that was given after they were all packed and about to march to the station was, 'Police the camp!' The officers detailed certain of the men to pick up all waste matter about the camp in order that they might leave the camp as neat and orderly as they found it. Some one has to be responsible for keeping things picked up in this world, and what one man shirks must fall on others."

"It is always a matter of interest to me to watch the way a man takes care of the wash-basin on a Pullman car in the morning. The sloven leaves it in a mess. The responsible man cleans it up. The man who leaves a dirty basin is advertising his upbringing, and falls in my estimation. Likewise, the man who cleans up after himself rises in my estimation. It's an index of character. You'll see the same thing on the golf course. The irresponsible man never replaces the turf if he digs it up with a stroke. The responsible man does. He feels he must leave the course as he found it. The same principle applies to littering up streets and public buildings. The way a man takes his responsibility in keeping order about him tells volumes to others who are watching. I might say the difference is virtually that between a bar-

barian and a civilized man. If you want to pass, in the eyes of people whose estimate you value, as a real citizen and not a hoodlum, learn to keep order, pick up after you, leave things in at least as good condition as you find them. Police the camp!"—*Youth's Companion*.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

TWISTED NAMES OF SHAKESPERIAN PLAYS.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Nioluarocs. | 6. Theftinlgwht. |
| 2. Suilij Resaca. | 7. Likerang. |
| 3. Themal. | 8. Letoohl. |
| 4. Bathmec. | 9. Petmetseth. |
| 5. Tieasilokuy. | 10. Goinhknj. |

—*The Beacon*.

II.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
 My 14, 17, 5, 10, is a part of the body.
 My 6, 21, 4, 11, 12, is a fruit.
 My 1, 2, 6, 5, 18, is the opposite of over.
 My 16, 9, is a nickname for mother.
 My 7, 8, is the abbreviation of street.
 My 15, 11, 19, 13, 1, are the vowels.
 My 3, is a personal pronoun.
 My 20, 21, 4, is a lovable animal.
 My *whole* is the best place in the world to live in.

—*Selected*.

III.

A CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In kite, but not in top.
 In ice, but not in water.
 In campaign, but not in strike.
 In game, but not in sports.
 In art, but not in silver.
 In loss, but not in gain.
 In boat, but not in vessel.
 In ear, but not in mouth.
 In north, but not in west.
 In tea, but not in coffee.
 My *whole* is a visitor to the United States.

IV.

TWISTED THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Kuyter.	Rsacerto.
Teopsaot.	Lapeps.
Sntu.	Fecfoe.
Utirf.	Zornef Dignupd.
Epi.	Puos.
Cei Maecr.	Yelere.

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. A SQUARE: F O C H
 O H I O
 C I O N
 H O N E

II. JUMBLED FLOWERS: 1. Marigold. 2. Buttercup. 3. Honeysuckle. 4. Sweet William. 5. Carnation.

III. A ZIGZAG:

L A G
 G E M
 A N A
 E G O
 U S E
 T E N
 T W O
 A F T
 N E T
 N A Y
 B U T
 H I T
 O U T
 O N E
 H I S (League of Nations)

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. HIDDEN TREES: 1. Aspen. 2. Ash. 3. Maple. 4. Plane. 5. Beech. 6. Fir. 7. Palm. 8. Date. 9. Apple. 10. Orange.

II. ANAGRAMS: 1. George Washington. 2. James Fenimore Cooper. 3. Christopher Columbus. 4. Henry Morton Stanley. 5. Josiah Gilbert Holland.

III. CHARADE: Mid-ship-mite.

IV. POULTRY PROBLEM: 12 turkeys, 13 geese, 75 chickens.

V. CHARADE: A bed.

VI. TRANSPOSITIONS: 1. Ocean—canoe. 2. Words—sword. 3. Cork—rock. 5. Huts—shut. 6. Manor—Roman. 7. Organ—groan. 8. Printer—reprint.

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Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L.
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Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols,
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1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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